## Uncle Sam's Farm on General Robert E. Lee's Arlington Estate.

who lost their lives during the war beobscure portion of Arlington. Uncle Sam is not engaged in farming for his own

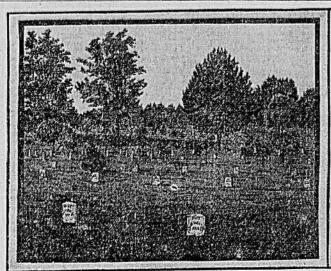
For more than a year laborers have een engaged in clearling the land and ring it for crops. Modern buildings time the farm will be in full op on farm. The finest cattle will be bred studied. New fruits will be introduced

George Washington Parke

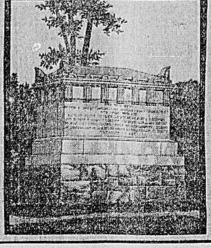
One Hunder and Eleven Unknown

Soldiers. Gathered After the War

From the Fields of Bull Run and the Route to the Rappahannock Their Re-



THE CEMETERY.



TOMB OF UNKNOWN DEAD.

THE ARLINGTON MANSION

during the greatest civil conflict ever waged.

Arlington house was built in 1802 by George Washington Parke Custis, son of John Parke Custis, whose widowed mother became Mrs. Martha Washington. When he siege of Yorktown, General George Washington Parke Custis died at the siege of Yorktown, General George Washington Parke Custis who he two children, George Washington Parke Custis, who level to be considered one of the most beautiful women of her day. Thenceforward Control of the most beautiful women of her day. Thenceforward Control of the mansion were stored with a rooms of the mansion were stored with a the beginning of the Civil War. After the departure of General Lee and his lat the beginning of the Civil War. After the departure of General Lee and his family, the Federal troops took possession of Arlington, and the preclous mementoes with which the mansion was filled were dispersed, and many of them of Arrivation of Arlington, and the preclous mementoes with which the mansion was filled were dispersed, and many of the civil War. After the departure of General Lee and his family, the Federal troops took possession of Arlington, and the preclous mementoes with which the mansion was filled were dispersed. And many of the civil War. After the departure of General Lee and his family, the Federal troops took possession of Arlington, and the preclous mementoes with which the mansion was filled were dispersed. And many of the civil War. After the departure of General Lee and his family, the Federal troops took possession of Arlington, and the preclous mementoes with which the mansion was filled were dispersed. And many of them the departure of General Lee and his family, the Federal troops took possession of Arlington, and the preclous mementoes with which the preclous mementoes with which the preclous mementoes with which the group of the close of the ware the close of the ware p

## BANKER PONIES IN NORTH CAROLINA

grass their ancestry, which he had pu based at Isabella. The horse then was

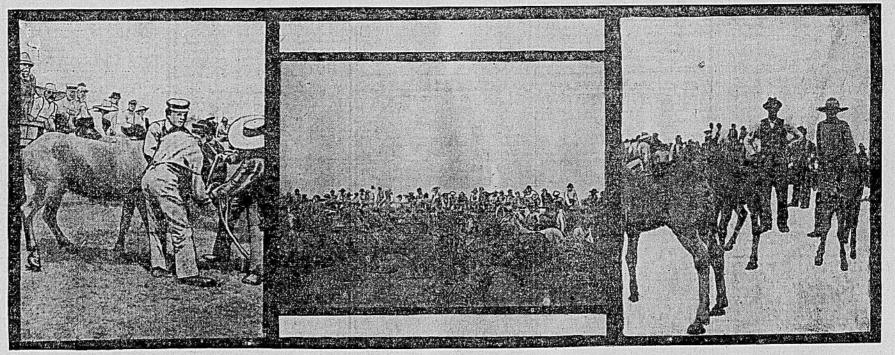
Others of the captured were marked or branded and turned loose to graze and increase.

AN ANNIVERSARY
The "pennings" soon became anniversary occasions, and remain so till this day. In fact, in the spring and summer time of late years a number of pennings.

CERN. To meet and talk with them was pleasant. They are a sturdy, hospitable people, given to the life of the fisherman. They have a pronunciation not unlike the New Englander. They attend to their own business, are not mediuesome, and will fight at the drop of the hat, and many of them, slightly ruffled, will push the hat to make it drop.

About noon in the distance of the captured were marked or branched to the fisherman. They have a pronunciation not unlike the New Englander. They attend to their own business, are not mediuesome, and will fight at the drop of the hat to make it drop.

to be seen the sleek, short groomed vi-cious stallion, and the shaggy colt given birth since the penning of the previous springtime. These last were first caught



SELECTING AFTER BEING PENNED.

COLTS CAUGHT FOR BRANDING

HALTERING THE CAPTURED STALLION.

throughout the State and spoils," the pony of the "banks" became the property of his captor. Certain of his catch he "boated" to the mainland, where once broke and trained to eat, he proved a useful little animal, of

plays, a number of ponies single file were seen. They were permitted to pass on to meet the herd from the east. In the dis-tance to the eastward, were a heard of cattle, these driven by "cattle beaters." who hoped to take advantage of the

men reaching from pen to the resiless bunched to a dead halt for a moment, and then rushed through the wide open gate into the pen.

came to a halt. On came the beaters. The pony in the meantime began to bunch and in bunching got nearer the pen. To the pen, about one hundred feet square,

'yearling' his ownership was determined by the mare he was prone to follow. He then was taken aside, thrown and held to the ground, and red-hot irons applied to his hind forequarters and branded in the

at either end of the convas is a ring. To these rings is caught a hook and the hoisting process begins. When above the bow of the bont a swing is made, and the pony is let down into the hold of the boat. That is all.

THE LANDLORD HUMORIST-MY CASE.

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I was a member of the bar once myself, but an honest life. It was not autiful of mine. So proceeding, and that the hole profession of the law was the one in which I could cut the most congealed. And the proposed of the law was the one in which I could cut the most congealed and the proposed of the law was the one in which I was not autifully concealing, and that the hole profession of the law was the one in which I was atfully concealing, and that the hole profession of the law was the one in which I could cut the most congealed and the law was the one in which I was atfully concealing, and that the hole profession of the law was the one in which I was atfully concealing, and that the hole profession of the law was the one in which I was atfully concealing, and that the hole profession of the law was the one in which I was atfully concealing and that the hole profession of the law was then the law was then the law was then the law that the law was then the law that the law there was they were community.

It was not trying to live an honest life. I get my client mixed was the law to the law that the law was then the law that the law

melons, cucumbers, blisters and chills and fever. The latter, especially, grew and flourished with great it xuriance Over the cucumbers and watermelons I will darw the veil. Suffice II, that it was a busy summer for my physician, and soon the mortgage, hereinbefore referred to, was transferred from his house to mine.

mine.

He was wont to drop in on me two or three times a day at three dollars a drop, and he would hold a caucus, or perhaps it would be better to call it a mass meeting—a blue-mass meeting—and he would smoke my twenty-five cent cagars while I would sit by with a cynical smile and a clinical thermometer or my lips.

In the fall he gave me the freedom of his graperies, but I was onto him by that time, and firmly grasping my vormiform appendix, I fled from his presence.

## MODERN FABLES

Once there was a Rhinestone Sport who

Once there was a Rhinestone Sport who had an Ambition to be called a Good Fellow.

He had a Cousin Jim, who was known in Rapid Circles as a Prince, so he decided to trail along after Jim and get in among the Rowdy-Dows.

Jim was full off Wise Talk about the Ponies, Eever and anon he would carelessly fish out of the Side-Pocket a large Wad of the Green Kind with a Fifty for a Wrapper, and tell about sitting in with a couple of Horsemen and a Wins Agent the Night before. He loved to speak of Hotels where a Swell Room with Bath came to only 89 per Day, and explain that he was getting a Rate.

Jim felt that he was wasting his Conversation any time that he mentioned any Hicayune but Sportly Corpuscles of Crimson Variety moving about in his Arteries. He was ready to lay a Small Bet on any Proposition, give or take, and when he put up his End he never batted an Eye-Lash. He had the Confidence of many of our most celebrated Barkeers and could give the Hurry-Up to any well-known Gam.

No wonder that pale-faced Herbert, the would-he High Roller, looked with Awe upon Cousin Jim and inwardly longed to but into his Class.

For he perceived that he never could stand Ace with the sure enough Fellows until he had demonstrated that he was a Good Fellow.

Jim the had demonstrated that he was a Good Fellow was to move rapidly up to the Poison Counter every time and Order went in. Herbert weighed about 100 Pounds, and the Doctors had told him to try a Milk Diet, but he dil not dare to renig, otherwise some one might have suspected that he was a cheap Varnish and a low-down Quitter. He was a Feather-Weight and an invalid, but he wanted to be Game.

So he stood in Line with the copper-lined rounders, who had Bull Necks and

Consequently he would stick, with his Brest-Bone against the Railing and continue to hoist until he was Pie-Eyed. Then some one would take him out and boost him nut and boost him nut and sond him Home.

Then some one would take him out and boost him into a four-oared Hack and send him Home.

Next Morning he would awake with the Head spread out over two Pillows and his only Joy in Life would be the proud Remembrance that he had demonstrated his Desire to be a Good Fellow.

He learnd, also, that in order to be the genuline It, he must go to the Track and get on friendly Terms with Whispering like, the Boy who holds the Watch on the Morning Gallops and gets a Commission from all the Poor-Houses.

In a Short Time he had a lot of Good Stories about being nosed out and was sleepink with the Dope-Sheet under his Pillow. Although he went \$1,000 to the Bad on the Meeting, he made the Fersonal Acquaintaince of at least a dozen Celebrities who wore Red Vests, carried Field Glasses and bet nothing but Markers—therefore he had the glad knowledge that slowly but surely he was absoibing some of the Attributes which distinguish the Good Fellow from other Members of the Brute Creation.

After all, the only cinch Meeted is to exhibit a cull New that made Congress and the Continue of the Continues of the Congress and the Continues of the Polyers who were devoting their Attention for Poker, because they we getting too Fat to climb Porches. As a Special Fayor he fixed it so Herbert could get a Place at the Table.

It was a Proud Moment fer'the Amaleur when he sat in that Distinguished Company and began to pick up Hands and then put them down again. The Sheep that walked into Armour's Pack-

ing House had the same kind of a Chance that Herbert had when he put his Elbows on the Green Cloth and tried to keep from trembling.

bows on the Green Cloth and tree we keep from trembling.

He had been against the one-call-two Boarding House Game where they hand back overything over \$2. but he was not necustomed to dallying with Friends who took out Pencils and began to figure how much they could get on his Clothes.

They were the kind that started in to play fust about where he left off. The only Reason they didn't kill him with the Ante was because he looked so Good to them that they wanted to keep him if was one of the Games that begin to get Rine about the time that begin to get Rine about the time the Church Bells arm ringing.

The Trimmers' Union hest no way of knowing that they would ever get to him again, so they decided to make one lob of it.

After Herbert had signed up all the

After Herbert had signed up all the Checks and put a Cold Towel on his Head, he began to Roar somewhat and talk about chopping on the all-night Sources

Hend, he began to Roar somewhat and talk about chopping on the all-nisht Seances
"You must not Beef." said Cousin Jim.
"A True Soort never lets on, even when they unbutton his Shoes."
"Do you know, I somtimes suspet that I am not qualified to be a Hot Dog." said Herhert. "I find that I begin to pass away about 2 A. M. Perhaps, it wowing to some Oversight in my Early Training, but I notice that after I have taken a thousand Drinks. I cannot put the Red Ball into the Corner Pockets. I have a Timid Nature and somehow I cannot learn to whoon the Edge on a Pair of Nines. I'm afraid that I drank too much Rainwater in my Youth. And besides, I got into the Habit of going to Bed. It's a great Blow to my Pride but I don't think I am galled to keep up with the Bell-Cows. Me back to the Cheap Push at the Boarding House. MORAL: Many are Called, but few deliver the Goods.